Welcome aboard! Meet Popeye the sailor on page 20.

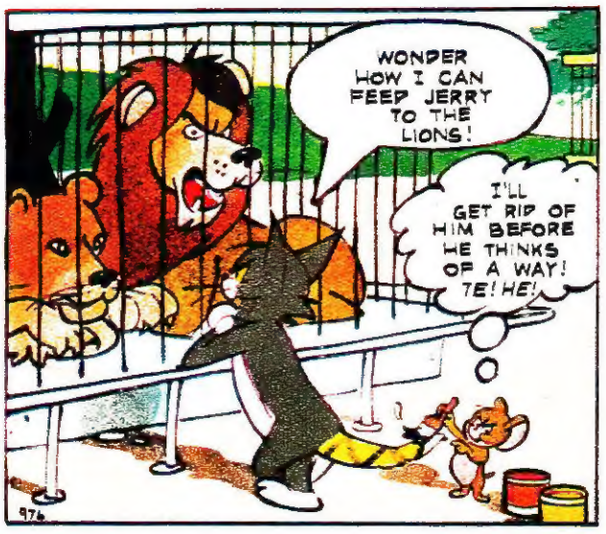
TV COMIC

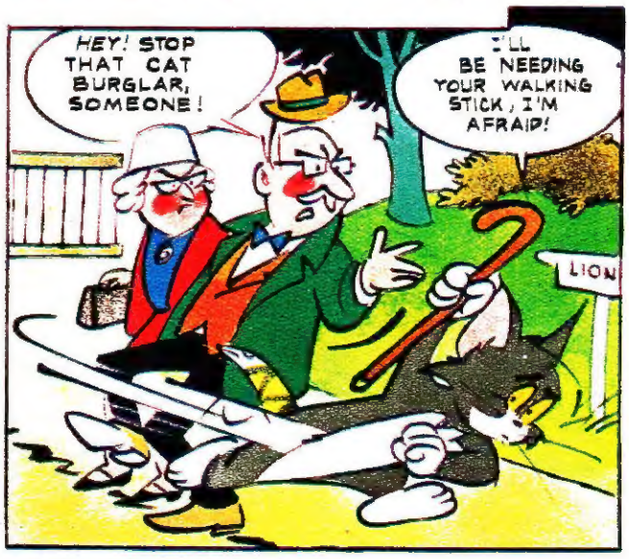
8d

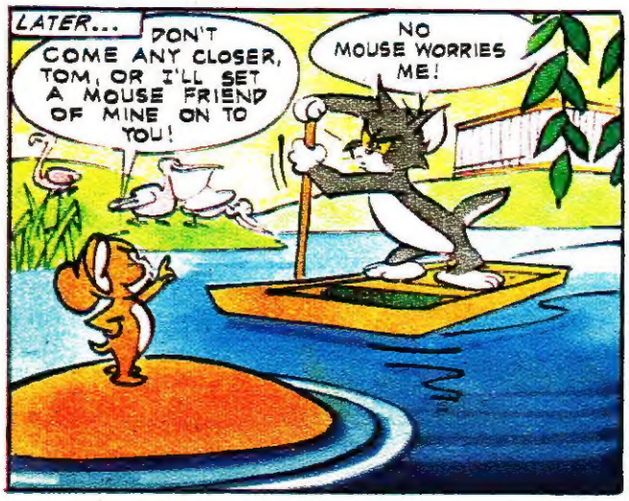
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

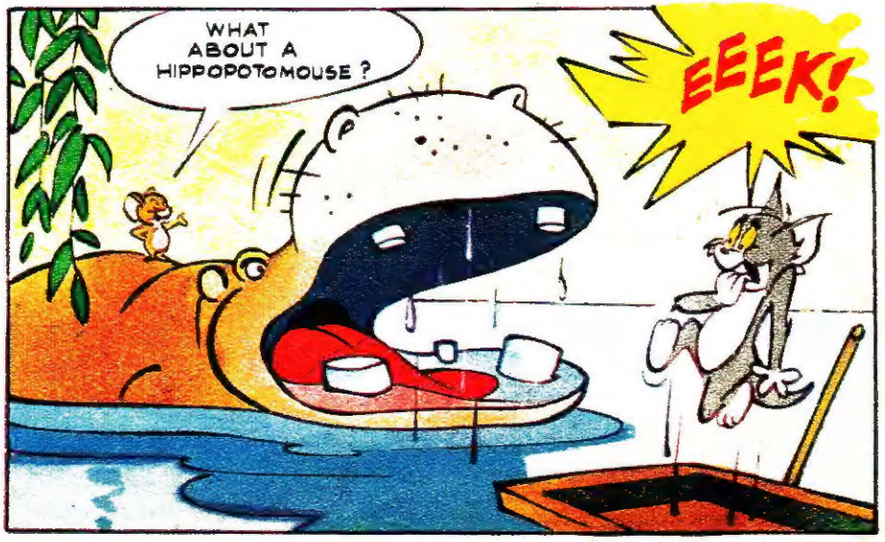
Every Monday | Week Ending 29th August, 1970 | Number 976

TOM and JERRY









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Huge 'mousterics' on page 2.

MUNCH!
TE! HE! HE!
MAKE WAY FOR A PETRIFIED PUSSY!
CRUNCH
LATER...
JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY PAWS ON THAT MOUSE — I'LL PULVERISE HIM!
BAH! NO SIGN OF HIM ANYWHERE. I'VE SEARCHED THE WHOLE ZOO!
WAIT A MINUTE! IF I CAN'T HAVE MOUSE FOR DINNER, THAT LITTLE BABY OSTRICH WOULD MAKE A TASTY SNACK!
BETTER SAVE THAT POOR LITTLE CHICK BEFORE TOM HURLS IT IN AN OVEN AND SERVES IT WITH TWO VEG!
COOTCHY COO! WHAT ABOUT COMING WALKIES WITH UNCLE TOM?
I'LL SPOIL HIS PLANS!
PLUNK!
AWK!
OOOOF!
TAKE THAT!
JERRY SURE MADE A MONKEY OUTA ME THIS TIME!

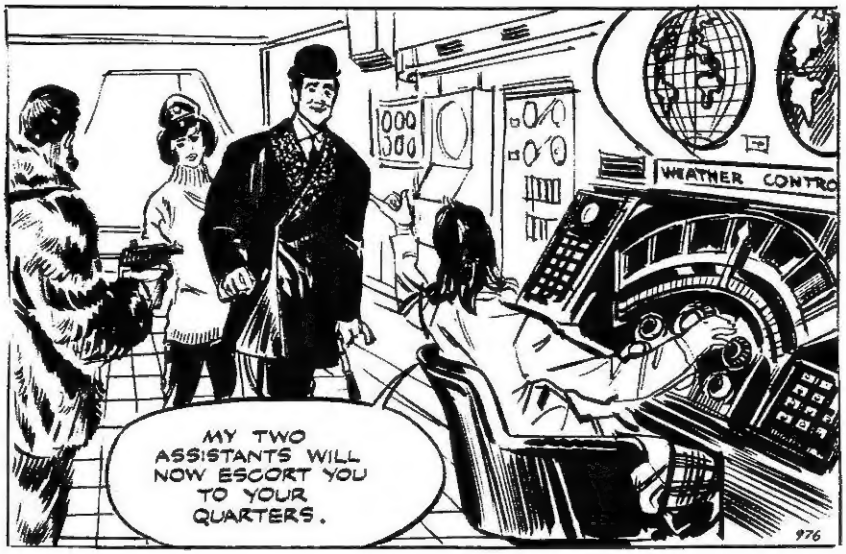
Age creeps on next week—for poor old Tom !

TV Terrors
YOU'LL BE QUITE SAFE HERE, SIR! THE PRODUCER HAS SENT ME TO KEEP OFF ALL AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS!
I JUST HOPE YOU DO - I'M VERY FAMOUS YOU KNOW!
I JUST ADORE BEING ALONE!
YEEK! AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE!
LEAVE HIM TO ME, SIR! I'M RATHER GOOD AT CATCHING - ER - FLYING FISH!
AAGH! ROTTEN OLD HOPPIT!
FLOP!
AUTOGRAPH PLEASE
ANOTHER ONE! GLUB!
NEVER FEAR, SIR! HOPPIT'S HERE! I'LL SOON NET THIS ONE!
BAH! HOPPIT'S CAUGHT ME TOO!
WELCOME ABOARD!
H'MM! THAT'S ONLY TWO OF THE TERRORS - WHERE'S THE THIRD ONE, I WONDER?
DRESSING ROOMS
WELL, YOU FIND HIM! I'M GOING TO PUT ON MY ROBE! IT'S GETTING RATHER CHILLY!
AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE!
YEEK! HE'S HERE, HOPPIT! HE'S HERE!
THAT'S THE LOT, SIR - NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I'LL DISPOSE OF MY CATCH!
YEOW!
THUMP!
OVER AND OUT YOU GO!
YIKE!
SWIMMING POOL
HELP!
EEEK!
?
HOPPIT SEEMS TO THINK WE'RE SOME KIND OF FISH!
YEAH! SO LET'S GIVE HIM ANOTHER FISH TO PLAY WITH!
A DOG FISH! HO-HO! COME ON SPOT - IT'S YOUR TURN!
SO...
HELP! I THOUGHT YOU SAID I'D BE SAFE HERE, YOU IDIOT!
ONLY FROM AUTOGRAPH HUNTING KIDS, SIR - NOT FROM MAN-HUNTING DOGS! GULP!
GRR!
SNARL!
GNASH!!
WOOF! SNARL! WOOF!
ULP!
FAIR'S FAIR YOU AGREE TO SIGN OUR AUTOGRAPH BOOKS - AND WE'LL CALL OFF SPOT AND LET YOU DOWN!
HE! HE! HE!
JUST WAIT TILL THE PRODUCER HEARS ABOUT THIS, HOPPIT!

Fore ! Terror-ising on the golf course next week.

THE AVENGERS

STEED and Tara King have discovered that Doctor Weatherby has established a weather *control* centre on an island off the north coast of Scotland, and is being paid by a foreign power to produce a second Ice-Age to paralyse Britain.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
GREETINGS, EVERYONE! YOU CHAPS MUST BE THE CREW OF THE DELTA FIVE-ZERO!
THAT'S US, AND WELCOME TO PRISON. YOU'LL FIND IT MOST COMFORTABLE, BUT WITH THE ONE DISADVANTAGE THAT THERE'S NOT THE SLIGHTEST HOPE OF ESCAPE!

THE DOCTOR HAS EVEN PROVIDED US WITH A TELEVISION, SO THAT WE CAN WITNESS THE RESULTS OF HIS HANDIWORK!
HERE IS ANOTHER EMERGENCY NEWS BULLETIN...

ARCTIC CONDITIONS NOW PREVAIL ACROSS THE WHOLE COUNTRY—MANY TOWNS AND VILLAGES ARE CUT OFF!
WE MUST STOP THIS, TARA!
BUT HOW? WE CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE!

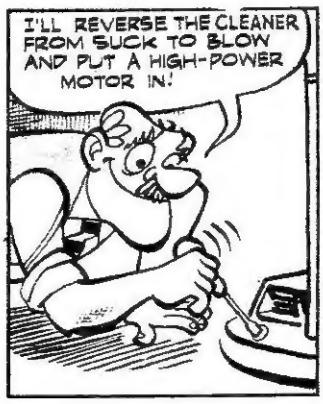
I'VE AN IDEA! I'LL PUSH THIS BURNING PAPER INTO THE VENTILATOR SHAFT. WHEN THEY SEE SMOKE AND RUSH IN HERE TO SEE WHERE THE FIRE IS, WE'LL JUMP THEM!
AIR DUCT

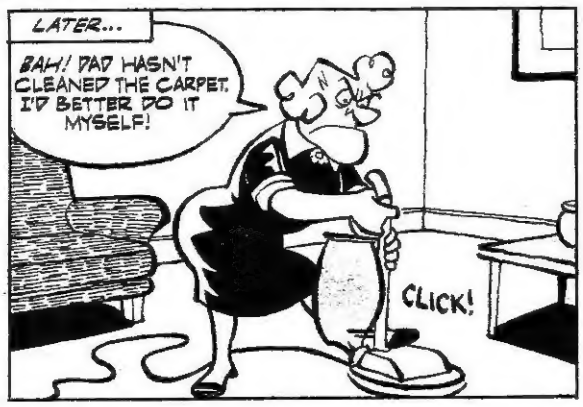
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE CONTROL ROOM...
DOCTOR— LOOK! SMOKE!
VERY CURIOUS, MY FIRE ALARM WARNING HAS NOT SOUNDED—WE WILL TREAT THIS WITH CAUTION!

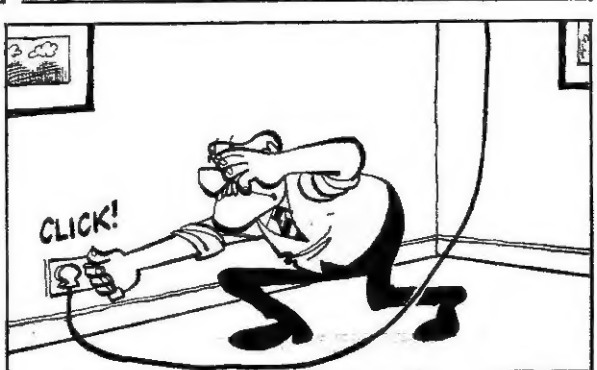
Based on the Thames Television production

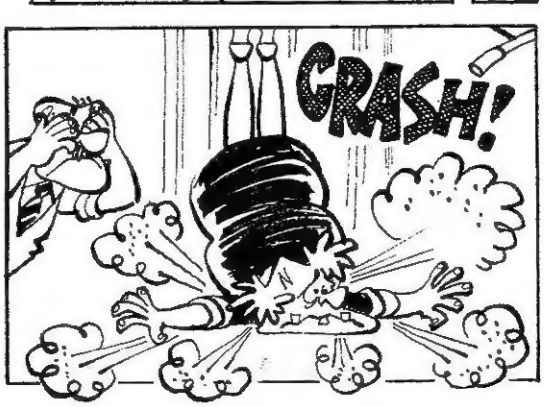
No escape ! Read what happens next week.

MIGHTY MOTH









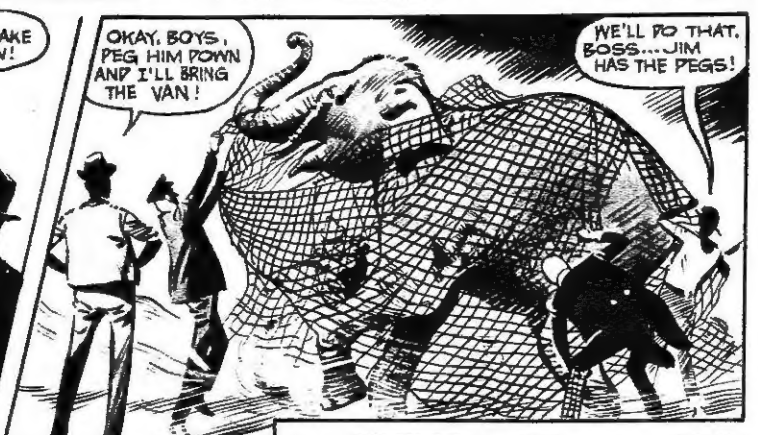
BUT HONEST, DEAR, (OUCH!) YOU HIT THE CARPET WITH SUCH A FORCE (OW!) THAT YOU FORCED ALL THE DUST OUT. (OUCH!)
DON'T MIND THEM, READERS. THEY'RE JUST HAVING A BIT OF A DUST-UP! HA! HA! HA!

Wild Man Dad takes to the trees next week.

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE thinks that an escaped circus elephant is really 'Brother Francis', brought back from the past by one of his spells. But the circus people think that Catweazle has stolen their elephant. Catweazle wants to tell them all about it . . .

BUT THE ELEPHANT HAS BEEN FEEDING IN THIS WOOD, AND THAT MOMENT HIS TRUNK APPEARS...
OUCH! 'TIS BROTHER FRANCIS! I BEG, BROTHER, DO NOT LEAVE ME TILL I HAVE CAST ANOTHER SPELL...
THE SOONER HE'S BACK IN THE CIRCUS THE BETTER!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT BROTHER FRANCIS'!...THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS THEY DIDN'T SPOT YOU...
WOE IS ME! NOBODY...NOBODY WILL UNDERSTAND...WHAT CAN I DO?

I KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO...NEVER WILL I DESERT POOR BROTHER FRANCIS...I WILL FOLLOW HIM AND RESCUE HIM FROM THIS HORRIBLE THING THEY CALL CIRCUS.

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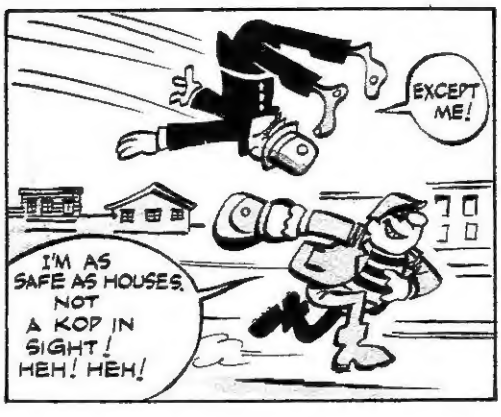
More trouble next week for ' Brother Francis

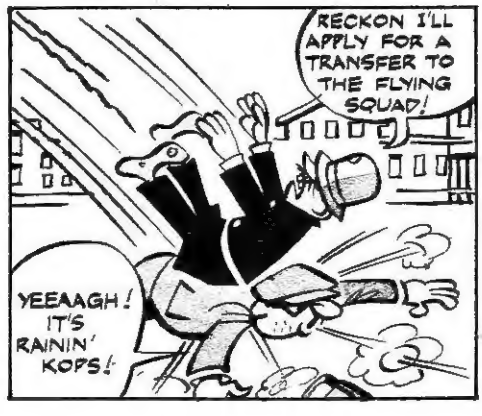
Bob Monkhouse's

MAD MOVIES

featuring

the Keystone Kops





Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Guns and Baddies are ' hand-in ' hand next week.

Tich and Quackers

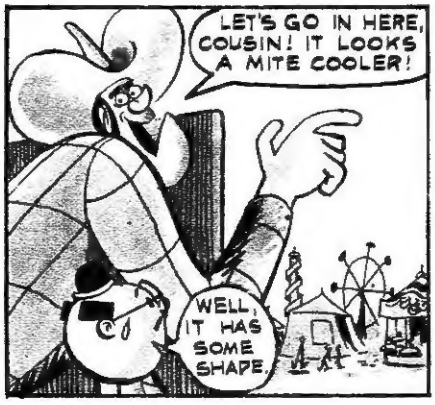
HAVE A GOBSTOPPER, CYNTHIA!
OOH! THANK YOU, TICH!
GOBSTOPPERS ARE DISGUSTING! PRAY ACCEPT A BOX OF DE-LUXE CHOCOLATES FROM ME, CYNTHIA!
I SHALL TAKE YOU FOR A DRIVE IN MY CAR! I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SEE IN AN UNTIDY SCRUFF LIKE THAT!
OOH! THIS IS FAB!
I THINK PERCY'S JUST PINCHED YOUR GIRLFRIEND!
FUME!
MIGHT AS WELL LET EVERYBODY KNOW, QUACKERS! THIS'LL TEACH HIM!
PERCY
OOH! I THINK I'LL LIKE THIS GAME!
COME ON, QUACKERS, LET'S DO SOME MORE!
CINEMA
ALL THIS WEEK
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LOVE STORIES
Percy loves Cynthia
PASTE
LATER...
HELP! WHO WROTE THAT? I'LL HAVE TO SCRUB IT OFF!
PERCY LOVES CYNTHIA
GRR! I BET THIS IS TICH'S DOING! AND IF I KNOW HIM, THERE WILL BE LOTS MORE!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!
RIP!
Percy loves Cynthia
REMOVALS
OH NO! HE'S WRITTEN IT IN THE DUST ON THE SIDE OF THE VAN!
THANKS, MATE! MY VAN BADLY NEEDED A WASH!
VERY FUNNY!
2 HOURS LATER-
PHEW! I'M DONE FOR! BUT I THINK I'VE CLEANED THEM ALL OFF NOW!
YIKE! ANOTHER ONE! AND LOOK WHERE TICH HAS SCRIBBLED IT!
Percy Loves Cynthia
YEEEEEAARGH! WHAT'S GOING ON?
TRY TO SCALP ME, WOULD YOU?
HELP! I CAN EXPLAIN!
SPLOSH!
REALLY, CYNTHIA- I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU EVER SAW IN AN UNTIDY SCRUFF LIKE THAT!
SPLUTTER!
GLUG!
FUME!

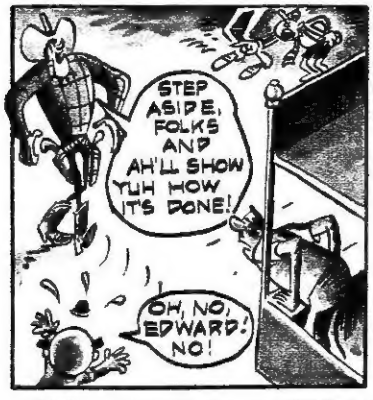
© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970
based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

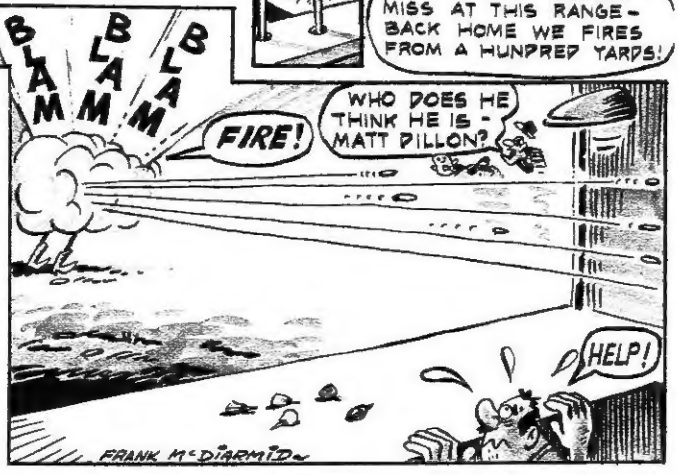
EE-EK ! Tich has to take his medicine next week.

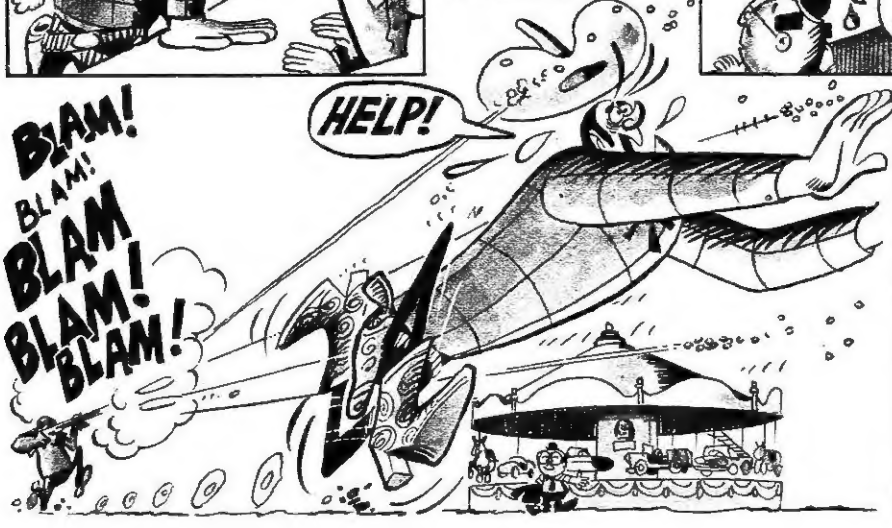
TEXAS TED

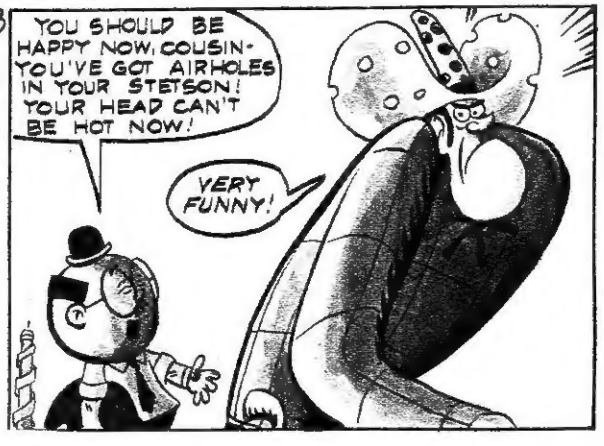
Big hat, big head



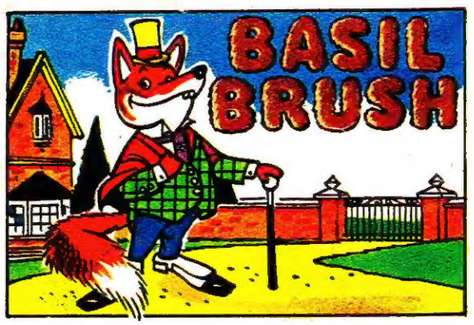


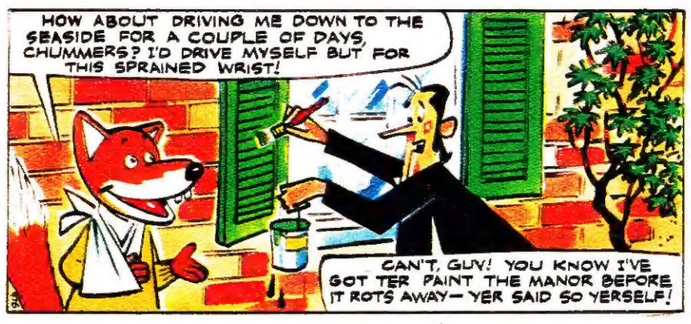


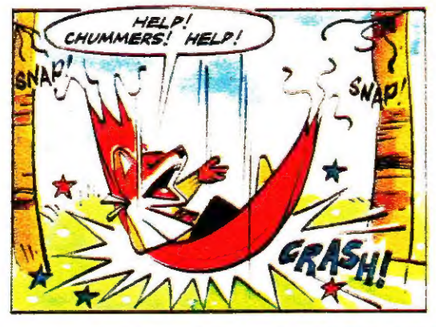


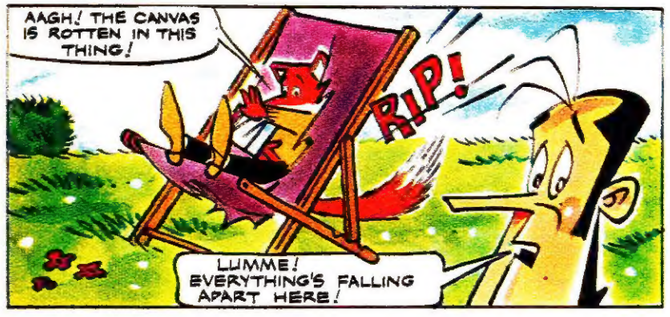


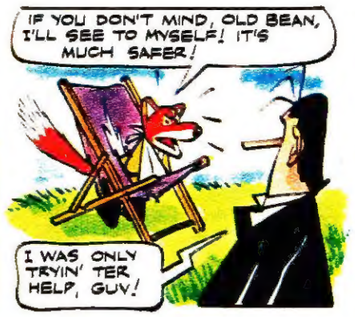
A big paddle for Big Head next week.

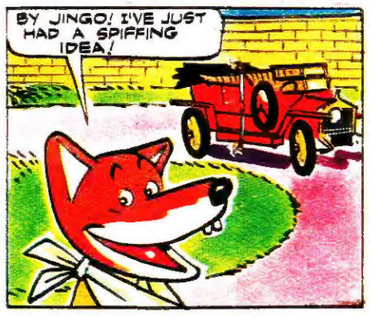


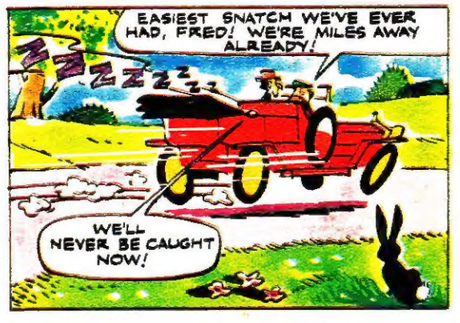

HOW ABOUT DRIVING ME DOWN TO THE SEASIDE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, CHUMMERS? I'D DRIVE MYSELF BUT FOR THIS SPRAINED WRIST!
CAN'T, GUV! YOU KNOW I'VE GOT TER PAINT THE MANOR BEFORE IT ROTS AWAY— YER SAID SO YERSELF!

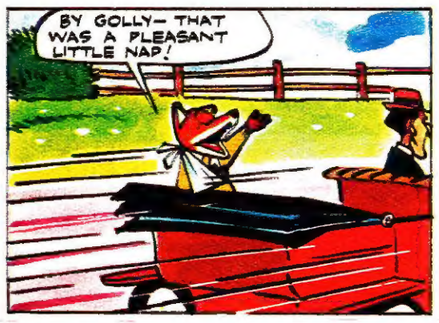


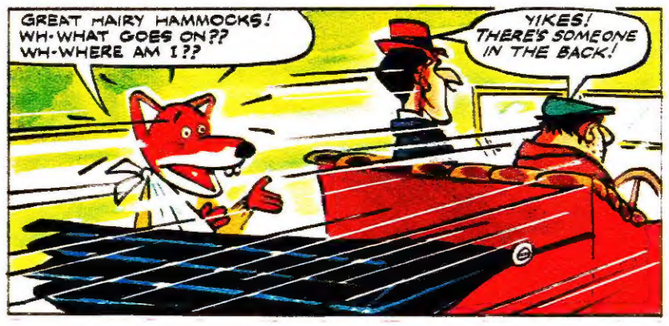












LUVVUS— IT'S FROM THE GUV! HE'S DOWN AT THE SEASIDE— AND HE WANTS ME TO DRIVE HIM BACK IN A COUPLE OF DAYS! B-BUT HOW D-DID HE GET DOWN THERE?
SSSH! NO TELLING!

It's a 'fair do' at the fair next week.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

WHITE tigers are rare animals. There are only about thirty in captivity. Not very long ago four cubs were born at the Zoo. They are the colour of Siamese cats and have blue eyes.

Next week Johnny Morris talks about the Stick Insect.

ASTRONUT
OH, MY! I'VE BEEN WALKING IN THIS WOOD FOR HOURS! I'M LOST!
OSCAR PANICS.
MUST FIND A WAY OUT! I'M SCARED!
W-O-A!
WHEN OSCAR ARRIVES HOME...
OSCAR! WHAT ON EARTH'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
I'VE HAD A MOST DREADFUL EXPERIENCE, ASTRO! I WAS LOST IN THE LOCAL WOOD... IT WAS HORRIBLE!
A LITTLE LATER...
WHAT YOU NEED IS A LONG REST ON MARS, OSCAR! WE'LL FLY OUT TO MY PLACE AND TAKE THINGS EASY FOR A WHILE!
SUPER! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
AND SO...
THE MARTIAN COUNTRYSIDE IS SO PEACEFUL AND FRIENDLY! WHAT A LOVELY PLACE TO STROLL!
OH, MY! IT IS ASTRO!
BUT SOON...
HEY! WHERE'S OSCAR? DON'T SAY HE'S LOST AGAIN!
MEANWHILE...
THIS WOOD IS INCREDIBLE! THE TREES HAVE DELICIOUS SWEETS HANGING FROM THEIR BRANCHES AND THE BUSHES ARE MADE OF CANDY FLOSS!
TRIP!
GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS JUST TOO MUCH.... IN THIS WOOD THEY HAVE ICE CREAM SWAMPS!
MINUTES LATER...
OSCAR! ARE YOU LOST IN THERE?
NO! GO AWAY!
TE'HE'HE! MOST PEOPLE WHO ARE LOST IN A MARTIAN WOOD DON'T WANT TO BE FOUND FOR A FEW HOURS! OSCAR WILL COME OUT WHEN HE'S GIVEN HIMSELF TUMMY ACHE! HA! HA! HA!
SALIBA

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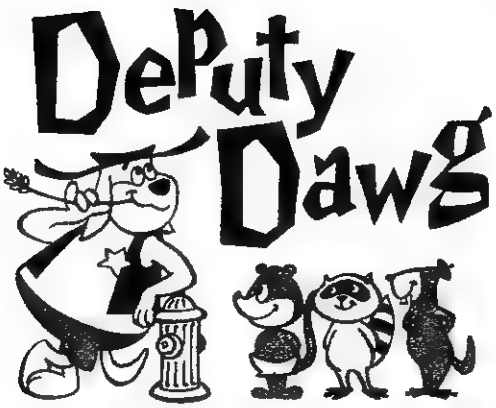
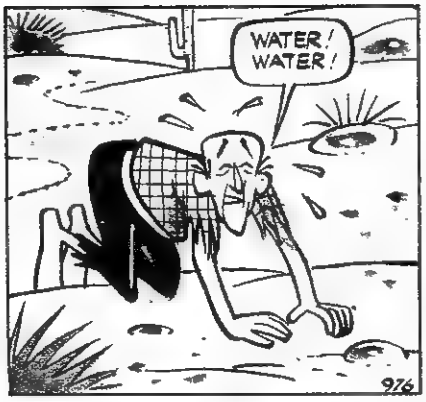
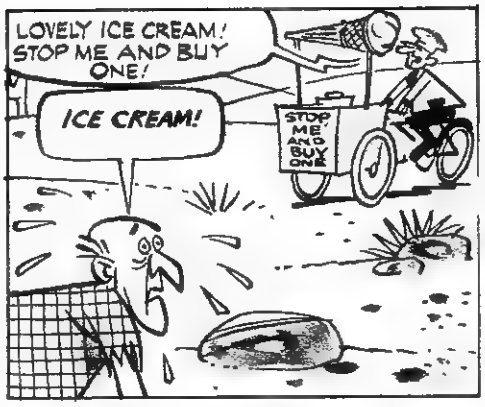
More space next week.

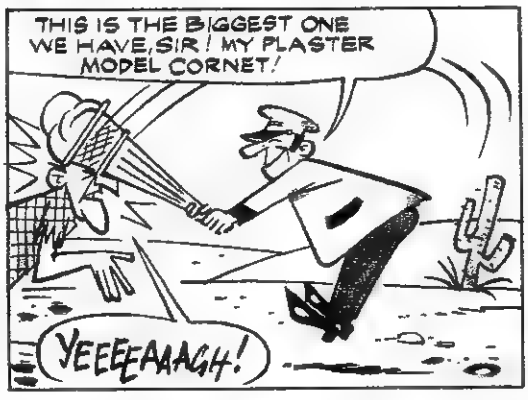
Deputy Dawg







THE BIGGEST CORNET YUH HAVE, MISTER! AH'M RICH... AH STRUCK GOLD BUT MA MULE PACKED UP ON ME ON MA WAY BACK TO TOWN! SLURP!
GOLD? DID I HEAR GOLD?



GRR! AH'LL NEVER CATCH HIM NOW! THIS HOSS OF MINE IS SLOW AT THE BEST OF TIMES... NOW THAT FELLAH HAS A BIG START!
SAY! THIS ICE CREAM'S PRETTY GOOD!

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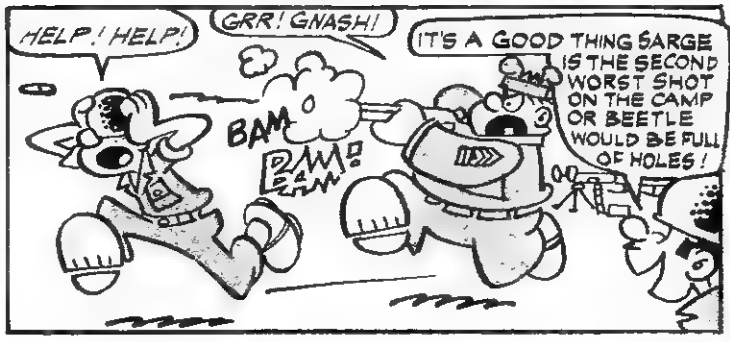
It's a ' foxy ' game next week with chickens !

BEETLE BAILEY



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BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
WILD VESTER
THAT'S RIGHT, LITTLE BIRD, KEEP LOOKING THE OTHER WAY. DON'T MOVE!
AND I'LL LASSOO YOU JUST LIKE THE COWBOYS DO ON T.V.! HUR! HUR! THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!
GOT YOU FIRST TIME! HO! HO!
EE-EEK!
THWUNG
NOW I'LL JUST TIE YOU UP NICE AND TIGHT AND...
OOPS! HE'S SLIPPED OUT!
NEVER MIND! HE'S STILL TIED UP. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GIVE A FEW SHARP TUGS...
TUG! TUG!
AND UP HE COMES AGAIN! JUST LIKE A YO-YO! HUR! HUR! BOY, THIS IS A GREAT GAME!
I'M GLAD SOMEBODY'S ENJOYING IT!
HERE I GO AGAIN - SAY, I WONDER IF I CAN WEACH OUT AND GWAB THOSE SHEARS BEFORE HE PULLS ME UP?
BUT JUST THEN...
HUH?
SNIP!
SAY, CAT! WHUT'S THAT THERE THING YOU'RE A-BOUNCIN' UP AND DOWN BEHIND THAT THERE BIRD BATH? YOU AIN'T A'TORMENTIN' THAT LITTLE BIRDY CRITTER, IS YOU?
T-T-TORMENTING - A-A LITTLE B-B..N-NO, SIR! LOOK, IT'S A... WHY, IT'S ONLY A PIECE OF STRING!
HMMM?
SAY, HOW COME HE'S FREE? THIS STRING LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN CUT WITH SOMETHING? I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING DOWN THERE?
I THINK I'LL SNIP THE PUTEY-TAT'S TAIL AND SEE WUT HE DOES - HE'LL BE TOO SCARED TO TWY ANYTHING WHILE TOSEMITE SAM IS HERE!
H'PHFF-F!
WHUT WAS THAT YOU SAID CAT?
SNIP!
N-N-NUN - NOTHING, SIR!
I CAN'T STAND THIS. HE'S SNIPPING AT MY TAIL AND I DAREN'T SCREAM OR SAM WILL WANT TO KNOW HOW IT ALL STARTED!
SNIP!
WELL, I RECKONS YOU DID SAY SOMETHIN' AND IT'S NO GOOD YOU A-PULLIN' FUNNY FACES AT ME - I WANTS TO HEAR WHUT YOU SAID. SO SPEAK UP!
SNIP!
NEEYAAR!
I DUNNO WOT THE PUTEY TAT SAID! BUT WHATEVER IT WAS - HE SURE SAID IT WOUD ENOUGH! HEE HEE!

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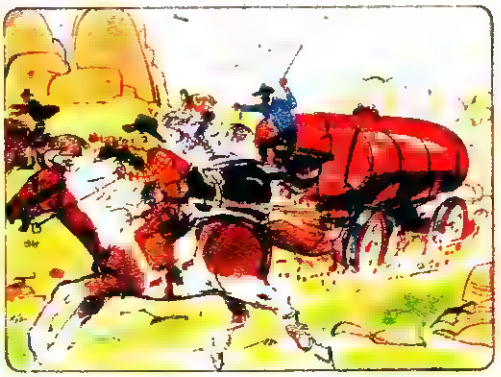
It's ' Doctor's orders ' next week for Sylvester.

Nestlé's milky bar

The Adventures of the Milky Bar Kid.

The kid rushed into Candy Springs. "Water," he cried to the first man he saw. "Got to get water wagons out to the fire!

The Marshal's trapped!" The men rushed around harnessing the strongest horses they could find to the heavy water wagons.



The wagons rolled out onto the rocky uneven path. The Kid went as fast as he dared. Then one of the men shouted "There's the fire!"

The boys and Cousin Jane were standing in a long chain, ready to start handing the buckets along the line. In a short while the fire was out.

"You've done such a good job," said the Kid to Jane and his friends, "I'm going to make you all deputies." Then to celebrate they had Milky Bars all round.

You can be a Marshal, too.

If you're tough and strong like the Milky Bar Kid, send for your own Marshal's badge.
To: The Milky Bar Kid, 18/20 St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. Send me . . . free Milky Bar Marshal badge(s). I enclose 4 Milky Bar wrappers for each badge required, plus one 4d. stamp with each application for postage.

Name_____
(Master, Miss. Block letters in ink please)
Address_____

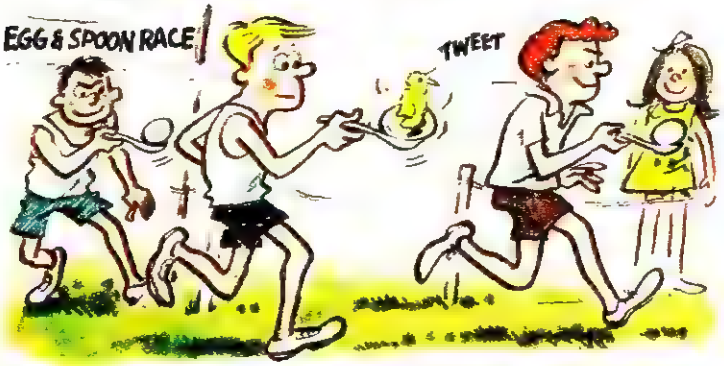
Town_____
County_____
Age_____ years

This offer is available in the U.K. only and while stocks last. Please allow 28 days for delivery.

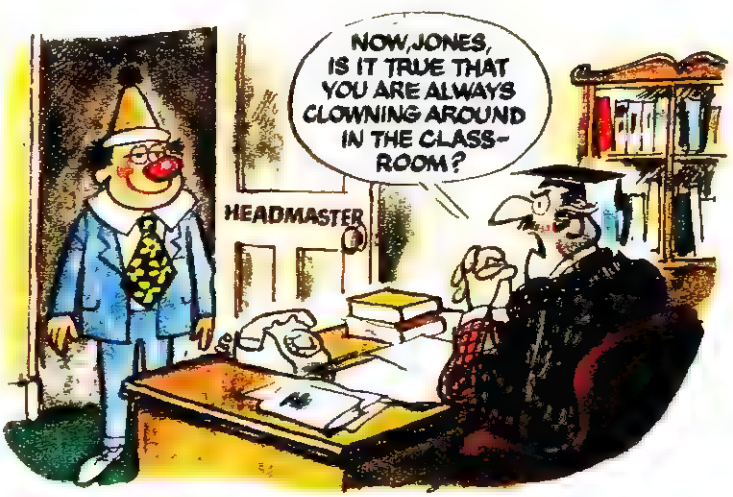
T.V. C.

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.



Wendy Edmunds, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex



Steven Forcey, Northfleet, Kent.

Jina Osbourne, Addlestone, Surrey.

George Mitchell, Fife, Scotland.

Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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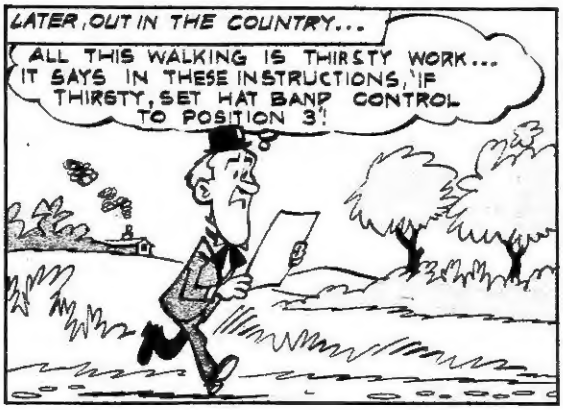
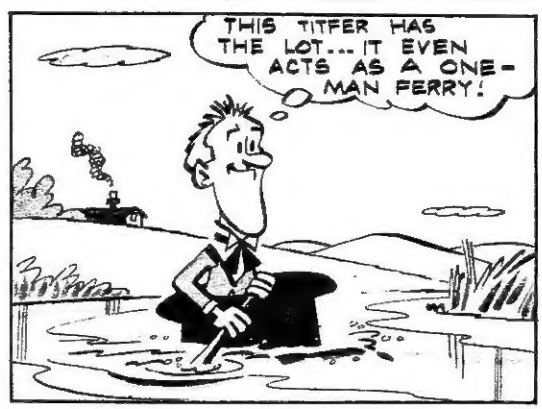
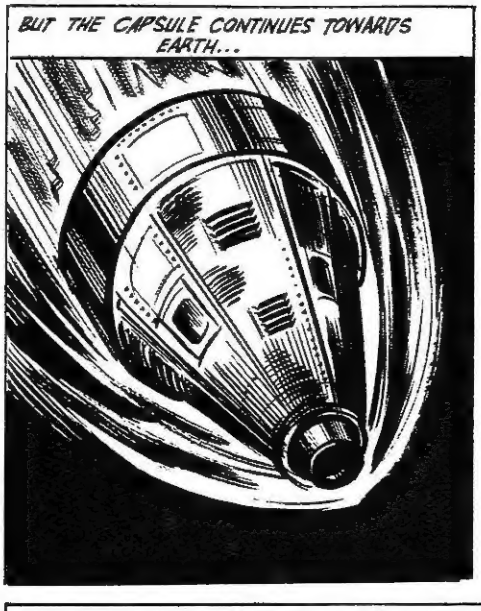

LATER, OUT IN THE COUNTRY...
ALL THIS WALKING IS THIRSTY WORK... IT SAYS IN THESE INSTRUCTIONS, 'IF THIRSTY, SET HAT BAND CONTROL TO POSITION 3'!



WHEN STAN EVENTUALLY ARRIVES HOME...
YOU'RE BACK, STAN!... TELL ME ABOUT ALL THE THINGS YOUR UNCLE THOUGHT OF FOR YOUR AMAZING HAT!
HUH! I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT ONE THING HE DIDN'T THINK OF...

DOCTOR WHO

PROFESSOR LOGAN has been using Space Project money to restore his Scottish castle home. Trying to force Logan to confess, Dr. Who sends the space ship in which he is travelling on a collision course with the castle.



FIVE MINUTES LATER...
THERE'S NO DOUBT, PROFESSOR... HE'S HEADING FOR THE CASTLE!
CURSE HIM... HE MEANS IT! ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR... YOU WIN. I'LL WRITE A FULL CONFESSION!
AT THE LAST MINUTE, DR. WHO RELEASES THE PARACHUTES AND FIRES THE POWERFUL RETROS...
TWELVE HOURS LATER, AT U.N.I.T. HEADQUARTERS...
THERE... THAT'S PUT YOU BACK IN RUNNING ORDER, MY GIRL!
I'VE JUST LEFT THE MINISTER. THERE'LL BE A FULL ENQUIRY... THE PROFESSOR IS OBVIOUSLY ILL...
...HOW DID YOU KNOW LOGAN WAS LYING IN THE FIRST PLACE?
AND DON'T KEEP TELLING US THAT RIDICULOUS STORY OF HOW YOU KNEW THE ROCKS WERE FAKES BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANY LIKE THEM ON VENUS!
VERY WELL... IF YOU WON'T BELIEVE THAT, THEN JUST ACCEPT THAT I AM A GENIUS - WITH SECOND SIGHT!

Exciting new Dr. Who serial begins next week.

POPEYE
PIPE DOWN
AT LAST I HAS DISCOVERED POPEYE'S WEAKNESS! IF HE HEARS THE SAILOR'S HORNPIPE HE CAN'T STOP DANCING!
DIDDLY-OM-POM-POM-
HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
STOP PLAYIN' THAT TUNE! I CAN'T STOP DANCIN'!
AN HOUR LATER...
HAR-HAR-HAR!
I IS EXHAUSTIPATED!
TWITCH! TWITCH!
YOU NEED TO COOL OFF SOMEWHERE, SAILOR!
AN' WHAT BETTER PLACE IS THERE THAN THE SEA!
SPLOSH!
WITH POPEYE OUTTA THE WAY I KIN TAKE OLIVE TO THE POSH BALLROOM!
POSH BALLROOM
SO...
YOU DANCE DIVINELY, BRUTUS!
GRR! I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON!
TRY SOME ITCHING POWDER, BRUTUS, IT'LL HELP YA DANCE!
OKAY, BOYS, STEP UP THE TEMPO!
SOMEBODY GET THAT JERK OUTTA HERE. WE DON'T ALLOW THAT SORT OF DANCING!
IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE!
GET OUT! DIS IS A RISPECKABLE JOINT!
LATER...
TIDDLY-OM-POM-POM-
YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN I KNOW, WHO CAN WALTZ TO THE SAILORS HORN-PIPE, POPEYE!
ARF-ARF-ARF!

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Medical mirth when Wimpy goes to the doctor next week.